

CHAS E TAYLOR

A clock which stood in the family's kitchen for many long years suddenly determined one morning that it was time to go on a strike. Therefore, grumpily it refused the attainment of the family's best wishes for a clock striking away and never stopping until it had hammered along forty or fifty times. By this time the family had become alarmed, and the peasant crossed up and asked:

"What means all this noise and confusion?"

"I have concluded to go on a strike for something better," answered the clock.

"But you are already possessed of the best I have. You have a snug corner, no one dares disturb you, and you are wound up with the utmost regularity and dusted as clean as a pin."

"Yes, but other clocks have places in parlors and easy times of it."

"That is true, but I am doing all I can for a clock of your looks and worth. We consult you, you look upon us, and respect you for your industry and truthfulness. If I were able to do as much for my neighbors, I should be a very happy clock."

The clock made no reply to this, but ticked off the minutes in a sultry and unreliable manner, and finally stopped still and put dinner half an hour behind. The clock seemed reasonable, for its wife sobbed and complained, and he the children pleaded in vain. Not satisfied with its own strike, the clock made threats to put a head on the winking glass and punch the ears of the clocking it if they continued to do duty. In a day or two all the household furniture was out of sorts. The tongue pinched the shovel, the table kicked the chair, and the bureau got in a back-slit-fender on the bedstead. The clock was determined to have its own way or create a row, and when the hour struck this, the head :

"You're not out of your long ears of any more use to me, but you have become a nuisance which must be suppressed."

He thereupon kicked the striker out of doors among the rubbish and restored peace to his household.

MORAL.

What we don't like you should let alone. What others are satisfied with

no business of yours.—[Free Press.

**What Durango Sighs For.**  
(Columbia) Record.

We want girls! Girls who can get themselves up in good shape to go to dance. The boys are getting tired receiving invitations with a request that they get ready to go. They don't like orders and appeals—no more. We want girls who will go to church and to Bible class on Sunday and that kind who can draw a congregation of the other sex and who will take a merry ride after the lesson is over. It will help the lively business and will also hasten the sale of residence for: buggies are the vehicles in which homes are first thought of by many people. We want girls that can sit on the table, who can smile into an appetite and stomach like boys are impatient and who will make the boarders regular at their meals. We want girls for sweethearts, so that when we get an arm shot off, or kicked by a mule, or are thrown from a bucking horse and are laid away for

— and see the glitter of a crystal tear  
fallen and dropped in unconscious  
sympathy for our pain.

—

**A Loving Girl.**

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— Mrs. Kelly, of Itasca, Minn., sent a  
note to her lover, Sol Greinmer, with  
whom she had quarreled, asking him  
to come on a certain night and sleep  
with her. Sol was startled by the idea  
of marrying her, partly because he  
was wishing to triumph over her parents  
who had opposed the match. He was  
under her window with a ladder at  
midnight. She came down, dressed as  
ready for a journey, and kissed him.  
They sat down at a little distance  
from the house and discussed the ques-  
tion which direction to take. He was  
Sol's l.p., with one arm thrown about  
his neck, when, with the disengaged  
hand, she cut his throat with a razor.  
Having murdered him, as she sup-  
posed, she ran back to her bed; but  
the wound was so mortal. It is con-  
sidered that she intended his death  
to be attributed to suicide, as she was  
desirous to regain the letter which had  
seduced him.

Many railroads have discarded the old  
kinds of scales, substituting the improved  
Borden, Borden & Co. Agents, Chicago.

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**A Balled for the Day.**

Chicago Times.

Lord Roscoe had a little lamb, its  
name was Tommy Platt, and when  
Lord Roscoe rose to go, the lamb no  
longer sat. It followed him from  
school one day, it was Lord Roscoe's  
sole, and why it did it all can see, it  
as a little fool. "What makes the  
lamb love Roscoe so?" the towns all  
did cry: "because Lord Roscoe loves  
the lamb," the knowing did reply.  
And poor little Tommy Platt doth  
run about and bleat, for, having loved  
Lord Roscoe so, it's lost the public  
est.

**ROYAL**

Coca-Cola





# BAKING POWDER

**Absolutely Pure.**

Made from French Cream Tartar. No other ingredients make such light, flaky hot biscuits. Baking our pastry? Use as measure by suppository without fear of the life resulting from heavy, no genuine sweet. field in mass, by all persons. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO. New York

**Closing of Mails.**

On and after that date and until further notice the mails for the different routes will close as follows:

Missouri Pacific day express east	8:30 a. m.
Missouri Pacific night express east	10:30 p. m.
Missouri Pacific day express west	6:00 a. m.
Missouri Pacific night express west	8:30 p. m.
St. Louis & Lexington day express	8:30 a. m.
M., K. & T. No. 1 north	4:10 p. m.
M., K. & T. No. 1 south	4:10 p. m.
M., K. & T. No. 2 north	10:50 a. m.
M., K. & T. night passenger north	
Hannibal closed pound daily except	
Sundays	6:00 p. m.
St. Louis and Warsaw daily except	
Sundays	5:30 p. m.
Longwood round-trip, Tuesday, Thursday and	
Saturday 12 m.	

ALBERT PARKER, P. M.